

Scents

by Smudge

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Summary: Anakin makes a memory as he lays beside his angel...

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Disclaimer and stuff: you guys no the drill so I'll just get on with the story!

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> Anakin opened his blue eyes and searched the room. The morning sun was just creeping in to take a peek at the Queen of Naboo's room. Yes, that's right you spent the night with her. He repeated to himself. He still couldn't believe what had come over him. He was just talking with her and then they began to kiss. They had been a "couple" for a while now, but this time they went a little over board, and well...one thing led to another.

> He turned his attention to the small form under white sheets beside him. Her silky chocolate hair was spilled in a delicate ocean of waves that draped her body like a cape. He leaned his head in to the back of her neck. He let her soft, smooth skin touch his own skin, sending goosebumps over his body. Anakin watched her entranced watching her breath in and out as she slept peacefully. In a few hours he would leave her, another dangerous mission sent by the council. He would leave the angel sleeping beside him, HIS angel sleeping beside him. He would just have to remember her until he could return.

> He would remember her light fiery brown eyes, that seemed like deep pools of compassion. Her soft pearly skin that enticed him every time she touched him. He relished in her presence, swam in her thoughts, inhaled her unearthly scent. That scent was something he loved about her. She carried a garden, full of flowers, that had just seen a gentle, spring rain. Every time he passed her in the Senate or somewhere on Coruscant that they happened to be at, at the same time, he would have to close his eyes as she passed. She left her gentle, yet fiery scent for him just to be tainted by it.

> He kissed the back of her neck and slipped out of the bed. He would return to Amidala as soon as possible, to hold her in his embrace and to inhale her scent.

End
file.